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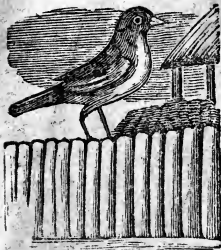
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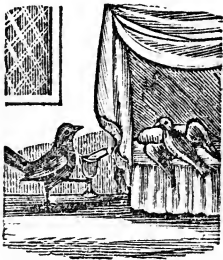


# *Jenny Wren*



As little Jenny Wren  
Was sitting by the shed,  
She wagged with her tail,  
And nodded with her head.  
She wagged with her tail,  
And nodded with her head,  
As little Jenny Wren  
Was sitting by the shed.

The Life of  
LITTLE JENNY WREN,  
How she was sick,  
And got well again.



JENNY WREN fell sick,  
Upon a merry time,  
In came Robin Red-Breast,  
And brought her sops and wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,  
Drink well of the wine ;  
Thank you, Robin, kindly,  
You shall be mine.



Here's Jenny on the glass,  
Eating the sops very fast.

## JENNY WREN.

Jenny she got well,  
And stood upon her feet,  
And told Robin plainly,  
She lov'd him not a bit.

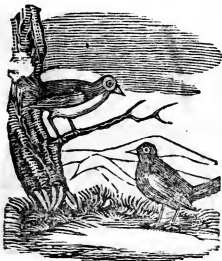


Jenny's very naughty tho'  
To use her husband Robin so.

## JENNY WREN.

5

Robin being angry,  
Hopp'd on a twig,  
Saying, out upon you,  
Fie upon you, bold-fac'd jig.



So Jenny got well,  
And made Robin mad,  
Tho' her health was now good,  
Her behaviour was bad.

The Death of  
LITTLE JENNY WREN,  
And what the doctors  
All said then.



enny Wren was sick again,  
And Jenny Wren did die,  
Tho' doctors vow'd to cure her,  
Or know the reason why.



## JENNY WREN.

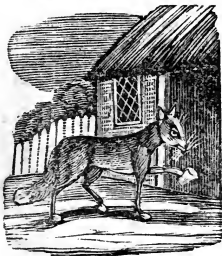


Doctor Hawk felt her pulse,  
And, shaking his head,  
Says, I fear I can't save her,  
Because she's quite dead.



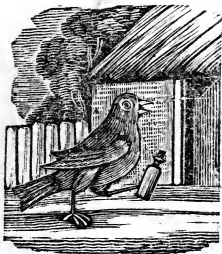
Doctor Hawk's a clever fellow,  
Pinch'd her wrist enought. to kill  
her.

She'll do very well yet,  
Then said Doctor Fox,  
If she take but one pill  
From out of this box.



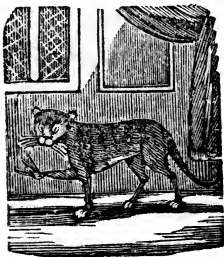
Ah ! Doctor Fox,  
You are very cunning,  
For if she's dead,  
You will not get one in

With hartshorn in hand,  
Came Doctor Tom Tit,  
Saying, really, good Sirs.  
It's only a fit.



You're right, Doctor Tit,  
You need make no doubt on  
But death is a fit  
Folks seldom get out on

Doctor Cat says, indeed,  
I don't think she's dead,  
I believe, if I try,  
She yet may be bled.

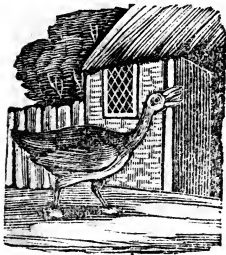


You need not a lancet,  
Miss Pussey, indeed,  
Your claws are enough  
A poor Wren to bleed.

## JENNY WREN.

1.

I think, Puss, you're foolish  
Thel. said Doctor Goose ;  
For to bleed a dead Wren,  
Can be of no use.



Why, Doctor Goose,  
You're very wise,  
Your wisdom profound  
Might Ganders surprise.

Doctor Jack Ass then said,  
See this balsam, I make it,  
She yet may survive,  
If you get her to take it.



What you say, Doctor Ass,  
Perhaps may be true ;  
I ne'er saw the dead drink,  
Pray, Doctor, did you ?

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